

# The Evening World

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## THE STEVENS COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The report of the legislative investigation into the lighting scandal in this city sustains every charge made by The World before the committee was appointed, and recommends the very remedies which The World proposed.

The fact of a complete monopoly in both gas and electric lighting was established, as were the gross overcapitalization, the extortionate overcharges, the inferior quality of the gas, the forced pressure and the inadequate inspection.

The fact emphasized by The World that several of the franchises under which the Consolidated Company is operating have expired was also demonstrated and confessed.

The recommendation of the committee for a substantial reduction in the price of both gas and electricity—the former to 75 cents per 1,000 feet—will be embodied in law if the Legislature is honest and free. So likewise will the provisions for a standard quality of gas and a rigid inspection of meters.

The investigation, under the intelligent direction of Senator Stevens and the able management of Counsel Hughes, was one of the most businesslike public inquiries ever conducted in this city. It should bear fruit.

If Tammany shall oppose these measures for the relief of the people it will heap a whole brick-kiln upon the grave its bosses are digging for it next November.

## A COMMON MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial Day this year will witness Confederate veterans a-marching with Union veterans. Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, a former Confederate, will deliver the oration at the tomb of Gen. Grant.

It is forty years since the close of the civil war, and it is time that the remaining veterans should march together irrespective of the sides on which they fought. The return of the captured Confederate battle flags to the Governors of respective Southern States was official recognition not only that the war is over but that all its hostile memories have faded out.

It remained for the veterans themselves to take this attitude and for the soldiers of each side fully to realize that no one appreciates their valor more than the other, and that the memories of the civil war are the glorious possession of the vanquished as well as the victors. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the South is not the gainer by the civil war and the North the loser, for the blessings and benefits of the preserved Union are shared equally by each section, and the industries of the South, now rivaling those of the North in many lines, would never have reached their present development had the blight of slavery continued.

## "NO SMOKING."

Big placards forbidding smoking on the platforms of the Subway have finally been conspicuously posted.

There was great need of it. The air of a tunnel is not fresh under the best conditions. To add to its semi-stagnation the sickening odor of stale tobacco smoke is an imposition that should not be permitted. If the Interborough management will instruct its guards to see that its new, proper rule is enforced it will earn a new title to public gratitude.

Of course no gentleman and no man with a decent respect for the rights of others would carry a lighted cigar or cigarette into a Subway station or car. But it is one of the strongest objections to the smoking habit that it develops among too many of its followers an utter disregard of public proprieties. Not to put too fine a point upon it, it makes men hoggish when the desire for "a smoke" is on them. Public carriers should protect their patrons from this among other forms of hoggishness.

## EAST SIDE MARKETS.

There is force in the argument of the push-cart men that they have a right to earn a living. There is also force in the objections to their obstructing the streets and to the difficulty of inspecting their products and regulating their conduct.

The people of the east side are almost wholly dependent on the local storekeepers and push-cart men for their supplies, especially of food and like articles of daily consumption. The facilities in the way of refrigerators and storage closets which exist in private residential sections have no substitute on the east side. There is no way for the individual housekeeper to store food, even if there was money ahead to buy a quantity at one time.

The push-cart men handle a large quantity of second-grade vegetables and fruit which would otherwise be wasted. They sell at lower prices than a first-class butcher or grocer can afford. To abolish them deprives them of their present means of livelihood and would increase the cost of fruit and vegetables on the east side.

A desirable compromise would be to utilize the space under the bridge approaches both of the present Delancey street bridge and the new bridges now building. Public markets could be established and the push-cart men congregated there. This would allow better inspection by the Board of Health. The rents could be placed at low figures, the streets would be cleared and the east side public would not be discriminated.

A series of east side markets is needed quite as much as more east side parks.

## The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

### The Composition of White Filling.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the substance known as "white filling" which dentists fill teeth with and which becomes hard shortly after composed of?  
C. K.

The powder used in an ordinary white filling is oxidized zinc, made by subjecting zinc to an intense heat. The liquid is phosphoric acid. The whole combination is known as oxyphosphoric acid of zinc.

### Salvation Army Bells.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What right has the Salvation Army to add to the discord of New York streets by the constant ringing of bells to attract attention to their poor-boxes? The army is a great and noble institution, but its bell-ringing around Christmas and Easter is an unmitigated nuisance.  
B. C.

### Cigarettes and the Elevated.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
One of the greatest nuisances in New York is the habit some men have of holding the line of people on the steps behind them, as they are leaving the elevated or subway, while they try to light a cigarette. I am not an anti-cigarette man, but many a time I

have been made late for an appointment by being stopped in just this way. There ought to be a city ordinance forbidding the lighting of cigarettes on the steps of "elevated" structures.  
A. J. O.

### Jersey Justice for Disappearing Husbands.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is there a law in New Jersey to force a woman's husband to return to her?  
G. W.

### Admission to Bronx Park.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On Mondays and Thursdays at Bronx Park an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged. All other days admission is free, and if a holiday falls on Monday or Thursday it is free. A number of persons who have been refused admission on Mondays have asked me about this so often that I feel the information would aid your readers and save disappointment. Do not like to see the children crying when they "Can't see the animals."  
THOMAS F. CONNOR.

## Said on the Side.

BOARD of Health crusade against the Subway spitter to be continued, with a side campaign against the Subway smoker. Quality of the air in the Subway appears to have deteriorated, as was predicted, with the approach of milder weather, and doubt may be expressed as to whether professors' affidavits to its purity will be as readily forthcoming as formerly. Hoped that the conclusion of the first half-year of the road's operation will lead to no important questioning about the promised concrete flooring which was to replace the broken stone roadbed in stations, so as to permit of flushing for cleanliness. Lurking belief that some of the cigar butts there are of the vintage of October, 1904.

Might put a Jersey commuter or two on that commission of experts to determine the quality of Central Park garden mould.

Dinner-to-night for the surviving participants of the Battle of Manila Bay, but a breakfast would be more appropriate.

Invention of a system of wireless telegraphy in which communication is maintained by musical notes. Something rather portentous in the possibility of messages in ragtime, with "Bedelia" or "Hilawatha" serving as a code for business despatches.

"But," protested the mere man, "I thought you hated her?"  
"So I do," answered the society woman. "Didn't you observe that I only kissed her twice?"

Report from the Mercantile Library that the demand for Scott, Dickens, Dumas, Bulwer Lytton and other classic novelists has diminished to a point where it averages only two calls a year for each volume of their works. Fact that the Mercantile's clientele is of the select hotel-plaza and summer-reading coterie kind, which must keep up with the fashion in popular fiction as well as in clothes, may explain these figures. Reports from other free libraries would tell another story.

Mayor of Kenosha, Wis., orders street-car line tied up unless transfers are granted, and Mayor of Chicago demands more cars on the city lines to prevent overcrowding. Two more good Western precedents for Eastern adoption.

"Be a political helpmeet to your husband as well as a home helpmeet," says Mrs. Philip Carpenter. Must first ask Senators Grady and McCarron whether that would be entirely consistent with "womanly womanliness."

"The press," says Marie Corelli, "is a greater educational force than the pulpit. In its hands it has the social moulding of a people." Even the most irrational mind may have intervals of true lucidity.

"Pittsburg millionaires" manage to keep well in range of the limelight. Their contributions to the house architecture of Manhattan are of particular interest. Taken together Mr. Carnegie's Italian palace in Fifth avenue, Mr. Schwab's \$9,000,000 French chateau on Riverside Drive, Mr. Philip's Fifth avenue mansion with East Indian furnishings, Mr. Frick's palace-that-is-to-be, constitute the most notable examples of recent years to the city's homes of wealth. Formation of the Steel Trust seems to have been of very direct material advantage to the metropolis.

They say a sailor has a wife  
In every port, and so  
It is no wonder all his life  
To sea he likes to go.  
—Philadelphia Record.

Opening of a Fifth avenue branch of a great Western jewelry house is of parallel interest as illustrating the drift of outside business capital to New York. Ambition of successful storekeepers in other cities to have a vast establishment here has become responsible for a remarkable increase of the volume of local trade.

Pupils at the Holy Name Parochial School will have the advantage of basement and roof-garden playgrounds. Fact that the latter will be lighted by electricity and available for use at night marks a long advance over the primitive schoolhouse conditions of as recently as a decade ago.

Plan of Mrs. Henry C. Potter to beautify with trees and flowers at her own expense, a section of the Boulevard left and right of the Subway, well for the tractor. Following the instances last winter of citizens cleaning the streets before their homes and other examples of private enterprise in the performance of works nominally under public supervision, Mrs. Potter's project will attract unusual attention.

California horticulturist who transforms potatoes into tomatoes may yet give the world a boneless salad.

Tax Assessor—Can you give me some idea of what your husband is worth?  
Lady—Really, I don't know, but I wouldn't take a million dollars for him.—Kansas City Star.

Easter edition of the Atlanta, New York's Greek daily, appears a week late, in accordance with the slower Julian calendar, but with features of interest which show the influence of Western newspapers. Surprise on Eastern editors and readers. Shows well for the growth of the Greek colony that it can support a pretentious daily journal in its home language.

Old belief that sense of humor is a rare possession, but according to the Long Academy, "Every man of womanly quality he may lack or possess, he is endowed with an unfailing judgment as to what is the proper object of laughter; what is really funny; but he is convinced that this unerring sense of humor is granted to very few indeed beside himself." Some support of this view in the performance of the comic opera librettists.

## A Friend Indeed.

By J. Campbell Cory.

THEY SHANT CUT  
LITTLE TAGGY WAGGY'S  
TAIL OFF—SO THERE!



## The Man Higher Up.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that the State Senate has killed a bill allowing woman suffrage."

"Women," declared The Man Higher Up, "ought to be allowed to vote. They would make Election Day an occasion of sweetness and joy. As elections are conducted, with the right of suffrage exercised only by the male sex, they are very much on the monotony. The officials are so strict now that \$2 bills no longer pass from hand to hand outside the polling-places, and the only way the boss of a district can keep an obnoxious voter away from the polls is to kidnap him."

"With women voting, all this would be changed. The polling-booths would be established in millinery shops, and each party would compete for the privilege of giving trading stamps. No longer would a man with a waistline like a race track and a face like a stone quarry be nominated for office. Every candidate would have to be a second edition of Adonis."

"Think of what a relief this would be. Instead of hanging lithographs of candidates calculated to make a cat horse shy the political managers would put up frames of elegantly executed photographs in all the department stores. Each slate of candidates would have to be composed of 50 per cent. blond and 50 per cent. brunette men, red heads barred. Men with pasts could have nominations for the asking. A popular murderer, if run for Mayor soon enough after acquittal, would win in a walk on women's votes—especially if he had killed a woman."

"Great opportunities for fine campaign work could be devised. For instance, if it should be found expedient to keep any woman away from the polls it would only be necessary to let her know that her dearest enemy was registered at the same polling-place. It's a fifty-to-one shot that she would say, 'I wouldn't vote in the same place with that old cat.'"

"I suppose that all women would be anxious to vote if they had the chance," suggested The Cigar Store Man.

"Quite the contrary," replied The Man Higher Up. "When you give a woman a license to do anything she loses all interest in it."

## Women and Slang.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THERE were three persons hanging from straps in a crowded elevated train Saturday morning, engaged in a lively and apparently amusing conversation. Two of them were well-dressed young men and the third, though somewhat brazen young woman.

Gradually, the other passengers became aware that the subject of so much laughing discussion was nothing more than a "glorious butt" that one of the men proudly confessed to having indulged in the night before. And in the full attendant on a downtown stop the young woman was heard to say in mingled accents of amusement and admiration: "You must have been beautifully pickled."

And all three laughed as if she had said something wonderfully clever. Now there is nothing quite so easy and therefore so superfluous as preaching. But surely there was not one person who heard that remark, including even the two would-be sports, to whom it was addressed, who was not shocked by it.

In the first place there is no excuse for the slangy woman, even if one does not take into account the sentiment behind the slang. Perhaps an occasional newly minted word may not be amiss in the speech of any one with a wide vocabulary of standard English. But slang covers usually a paucity of both ideas and words. If used at all it should be like the flavor of Sidney Smith's salad, wherein "an onion alone burks within the bowl, and scarce suspected, animates the whole." Apart from the slang it takes a pretty well

hardened woman to discuss dissipation from a humorous standpoint. There may be—there certainly is—something funny in drunkenness as seen on the stage or in comic pictures, or in persons we don't know. But it takes a remarkable and an unenviable sense of humor in a woman to see the amusing aspect of such a delinquency in persons with whom she associates and who make their weaknesses a boast.

### He Doesn't Want Much.

I WANT a house with rooms to spare—  
Fine, spacious rooms; I want no flat—  
I live in an apartment where  
I cannot swing a small-sized cat.  
I simply ache for elbow-room.  
I realize we were not meant  
To live in cramped, steam-heated gloom.

I'm looking for a house to rent.  
I wish to have it modern, though;  
No tumble-down old barn will do.  
Too far from town I cannot go;  
I want good transportation, too.  
Of course, the neighbors must be nice.

I'd like the grounds of some extent,  
But can't afford a fancy price.  
Where is there such a house to rent?

Yes, twenty-five is all I'll pay—  
Eight rooms at least, in good repair,  
Possession by the first of May—  
I'll stand by then the country air.  
I stick for flowers, fields and trees.  
But want the sidewalks of cement.  
I've looked so long for things like these

I fear there's no such house to rent.  
—Chicago News.

### He Has the Bricks.



"Say, I want a boy to carry this bag for me. You don't, you want a hod carrier."

### Getting Even.



I wonder why my kitty dear  
Sits up to loudly or  
Why she can't sleep when she can  
hear  
Me sing a lullaby?

### Husband Management.

HERE are some suggestions given by Emma, of the Boston Globe, advising a woman on the management of a probable husband:  
When you marry him, love him.  
After you marry him, study him.  
If he is honest, honor him.  
If he is generous, appreciate him.  
When he is sad, cheer him.  
When he is cross, amuse him.  
When he is talkative, listen to him.  
When he is quarrelsome, ignore him.  
If he is slothful, spur him.  
If he is noble, praise him.  
If he is confidential, encourage him.  
If he is scoreless, trust him.  
If he is jealous, cure him.  
If he cares naught for pleasure, coax him.  
If he favors society, accompany him.  
If he does you a favor, thank him.  
When he deserves it, kiss him.  
Let him think how well you understand him; but never let him know that you "manage" him.

## Mrs. Nagg and Mr. Nag.

.... By Roy L. McCardell.

I DON'T care who says so, Mr. Nag, I won't stand it, and that's all. If you expect me to entertain your friends night after night for this is the second time in three months Col. Wilkins has been asked to come to dinner—you must give me more money for the table! Roy L. McCardell.

"I need some new doilies and the fern dish needs refilling. I do the best I can, Mr. Nag, and if you had any consideration for me you might entertain your friends at the club, like Mr. Striver does, only he has no friends."

"All right, you will? I know that! I knew you were only looking for an excuse to quarrel with me so you could run off to your club!"

"It is those clubs that break up happy homes. No matter how hard I try to make you more pleasant and comfortable for you and tangle object when you fill the house with your horrid acquaintances who smoke up my lace curtains—and I wish you would see the way Della has ruined those Irish point lace curtains in the parlor!"

"Yes, I will cry! It is my house and I will cry all I want to! You never want to see me enjoy myself and you always interfere with all my pleasures, and I shan't stop crying!"

"All the comfort a woman has is the solace of tears, and as soon as a brute of a man sees a woman crying he tries his best to stop her!"

"I don't cry on purpose just because I want something like Amanda Scaddaday does, and yet look how kind her husband is to her! She had a romance in her youth. There was a young man with the darkest blue eyes who was a motorman on the De Kalb avenue cars, and his brother went out to Oklahoma and had two fingers shot off by a cowboy, and the young man with the blue eyes never got his position back after the strike in Brooklyn and Amanda Scaddaday never knew what became of him."

"So, you see, when a woman cries it isn't for temper, as you men think, but it is over the memories of some deep grief."

"And that is why I never could peel onions, and I suppose that is the reason why I always hint around for beefsteak and onions when I have no girl and have to cook myself!"

"Oh, well, what is the use to talk to you? Little does a man care, just as Susan Tenwilliger says, little does a man care just so long as he can run out of the house and escape all the cares and worries that his poor wife has to put up with!"

"And yet, Mr. Nag, I remember when you called on me before we were married and how kind and thoughtful you were and always lent my papa money, and would listen by the hour to mamma as she told you how she suffered from sciatica, and then you would beg me to go to the theatre with you. But now you don't care to go anywhere, unless I sit down to have a pleasant chat with you, and then you look at your watch and say it is time to be going to the office."

"Oh, well, I won't complain! All you men are alike. Little do you care what happens just so long as you can make a convenience of your own home, and fill it with your barroom acquaintances!"

"And yet look how you act when I entertain my friends or when Mrs. Ladyfinger calls and try to interest you in literature or Mr. Ladyfinger wants you to play pinochle!"

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

It is time to PLANT CORN in these parts. The Injuns always tuck in the seed when the leaves on the elm trees reached the size of a mouse's ear. The leaves now measure up to the scale.

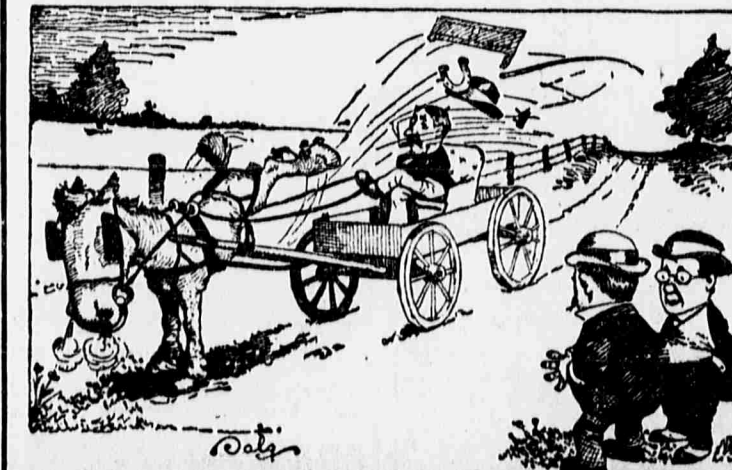
The important thing after the corn is planted is to get a GOOD SCARECROW. The naughty black crows come cawing around and DIG UP all the seed.

Without seed corn will not grow. We do not pretend to say WHAT makes the best scarecrow. We think a few copies of our Nan Patterson edition scattered over the field would DO pretty well.

The best scarecrow we ever saw was down in Fryeburg, Me., where the farmers built a fire in the base of a hollow tree. The effect was VERY WOOLLY and it FIXED the crows.

A corn ON THE TOE cannot be helped by a scarecrow. It needs a chiropractor. DO NOT let your wife use your razor for this purpose. If you do you will BOTH be sorry!

## The Thing He's Accustomed To.



Jack—What on earth is that man thinking of at there like that?  
Frank—Oh! He thinks he is at home and that his wife is giving him the usual reception.